Preview of 1950—*Del Vayo*

THE *Nation*

December 31, 1949

Tractors and Titoism

What Russia Wants from Eastern Europe

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

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Shangri-La of the Atom

A Report from Los Alamos

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

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donesia: Republic with Strings - - - - - *Andrew Roth*

ıe Real Mr. Sawyer - - - - - - - - - - *Bruce Catton*

'aesar and Cleopatra" - - - - - - - *Margaret Marshall*

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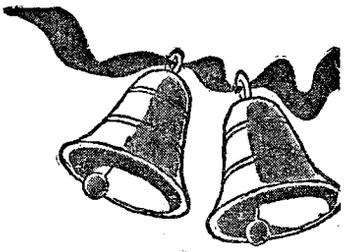

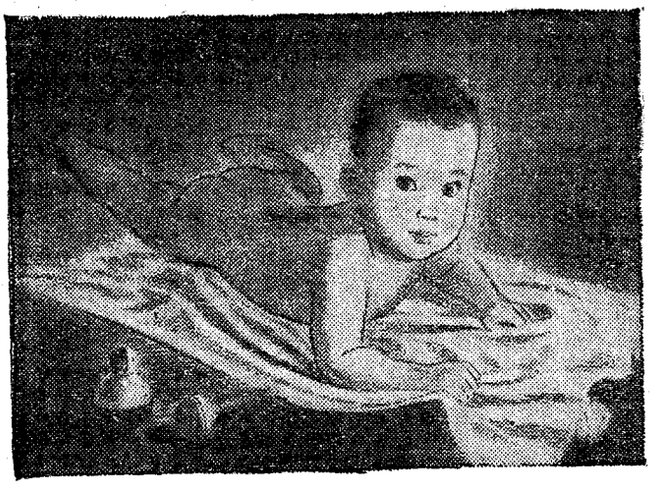

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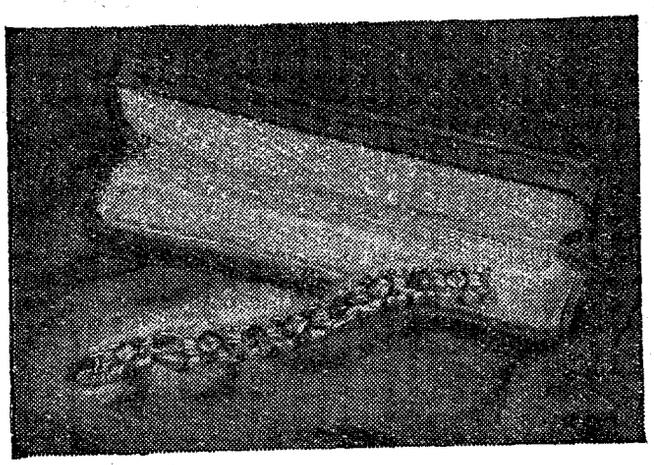

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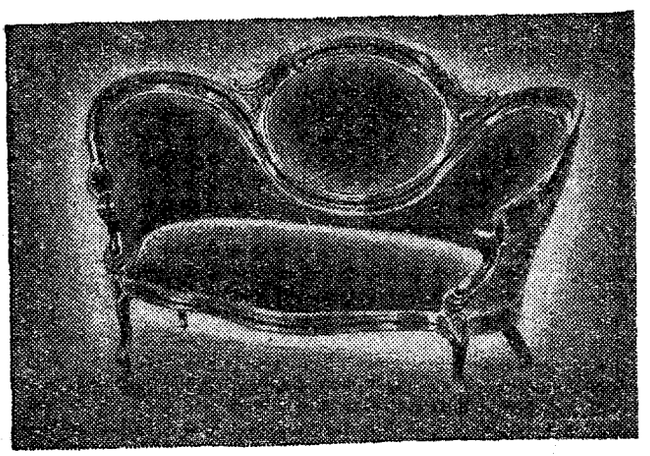

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

EPORTS FROM WASHINGTON SUGGEST THAT he President's budget message will include a recommendation for repeal of some or all of the war-time xcise levies. These taxes are universally unpopular, nd their abolition, with the possible exception of ose on definite luxury items such as the more expenive types of jewelry, is long overdue. Most of them ere imposed during the war to inhibit certain kinds f non-essential consumption and so free resources for ar production, rather than for the sake of revenue. here was then justification for a 15 per cent tax to eck travel and the use of communication facilities. A se could even be made for discouraging purchases of eather goods and cosmetics, although the incidence of xation on these articles fell over heavily on women ho could reasonably claim that handbags and lipsticks ad become necessities. But such levies, which are defitely regressive in that they burden small incomes more an large ones, have no place in our permanent tax stem, and we hope Congress will do away with them. t the same time we agree with Mr. Truman's reorted view that repeal of the excises should be accomanied by additions to other taxes large enough to make p for the loss of revenue. Under any circumstances nother unbalanced budget is in prospect, thanks to what enator Paul Douglas has called "the warfare state." ut in view of the danger of renewed inflation, it ould be the aim of both the Administration and Conress to keep the deficit as small as possible. This obctive is not inconsistent with the President's apparent d proper determination to maintain, and even enlarge, e social services. It can be achieved, in our opinion, stiffening taxes on profits and the larger incomes, us reversing the course so recklessly pursued by the ightieth Congress, and by cutting out administrative aste.

✶

HE IMPLACABILITY OF THE REUTHERS' ould-be assassin indicates either a maniac or a shrewd iminal giving a good imitation of one. It is fantastic believe that a mere anti-unionist or Communist, no atter how fanatical, would make three atrocious asults of the sort suffered by officials of the United utomobile Workers. In April, 1948, Walter Reuther, esident of the union, was shot at close range through the window of his home. He lost the use of his right arm and very nearly his life. Thirteen months later his brother Victor was shot in almost identical circumstances. He lost an eye and came even closer to being killed. Last week enough dynamite was planted in the U. A. W.'s Detroit headquarters to blow up the building and was discovered only six minutes before it would have gone off. The Reuthers know of no one whose personal enmity would carry him to such a pitch of determined violence, but there are reports, not much discussed in the press, that before Walter Reuther took the helm of his union, the numbers game flourished in the automobile plants, while management and the left-wingers, then in control of the U. A. W., looked the other way, to say the least. The breaking up of this flourishing racket may have made the Reuthers the target of gamblers suddenly deprived of a sizable take. On orders from Attorney General McGrath the FBI has now stepped in, though it may have been quietly at work on the case ever since the United States Senate asked it to take action at the time Victor Reuther was shot. With the evidence available—a discarded shotgun and now the dynamite—it should be possible for the federal agents, the Michigan state police, and local detectives to lift the intolerable menace that has hung over the union and its officers for the past nineteen months.

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IN GLARING CONTRAST TO THE APPARENT hesitancy of the FBI in the Reuther case has been that agency's shocking over-zealousness in the affair of Judith Coplon. Indeed, its disregard of the law in the matter of wire-tapping may lose the government its case against Miss Coplon and Valentin A. Gubitchev, now under indictment for conspiracy and espionage. The merits of the case have nothing to do with the established fact that government agents grossly violated the law in their efforts to obtain evidence. By their own admission they tapped the telephone wires in Miss Coplon's Washington apartment, in her office at the Department of Justice, in her parents' home in Brooklyn, and in Gubitchev's home. They planted a microphone in her office, intercepted her mail, and according to Archibald Palmer, her attorney, even eavesdropped on telephone conversations between him and his client. Judge Sylvester Ryan, unlike Judge Reeves, who refused to take cognizance of wire-tapping in the first Coplon trial, considers it a serious matter. The Supreme Court has clearly ruled

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that evidence obtained in this way cannot be used i Federal courts. Judge Ryan, conscientiously postponin the trial to permit defense counsel to question all th FBI men involved, has indicated that the charges wi be dismissed unless the government can prove that i evidence does not originate in "the tainted source" c intercepted communications. This "dirty business," Justice Holmes called it, is a federal offense, punishabl by two years in prison and a $10,000 fine. There is le danger to the country in a Coplon untried than in Justice Department which considers itself above the law

*

FOUR TIMES IN 1947 AND FOUR TIMES I 1948 *Counterattack*, a newsletter published by forme FBI agents and others, attacked Frederic March and h wife Florence Eldridge as Communists. After the la reference, Mr. March and Miss Eldridge brought su for libel. Last week, after twenty-one months of leg skirmishing which terminated in an out-of-court agre ment, and after the accusation had been widely repeate in the general press, *Counterattack* printed a comple retraction. So the wheel swings full circle, an one fortunate couple, with the means to force a leg showdown, have at last sliced off a lie at the root. B have they killed the lie? The day before *Counterattack* retraction appeared, the national press was giving wid circulation to the testimony of ex-G-man John J. Hub before the Senate Judiciary Committee, in which Fre eric March was once again smeared. Huber's statemer is privileged, since it was delivered in a Congression hearing. He cannot be sued nor can Mr. March for the committee to allow him to prove Huber a liar.

*

IF THE INTERNATIONAL CONFEDERATIO of Free Trade Unions, organized this month at a co ference in London, is to become a really effective forc it will have to develop methods for implementing i program. Participating organizations included both th A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., Socialist trade unions Europe and Asia, Catholic trade unions, organizatio of colonial workers, and exiled labor leaders from Ru sian-dominated countries, Spain, and Latin America. manifesto which emphasized that political and econom freedom were inseparable invited workers everywhe to unite "to achieve a world in which men can be bo free and secure and in which the peoples of all natio may live in peace with one another." More specifical the confederation set forth its demands for improv ment in workers' standards and called for support the European Recovery Program, unification of Weste Europe, the quick conclusion of peace treaties, help f peoples who do not now enjoy political freedom, tec nical aid to underdeveloped countries, a universal syste

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of atomic control, voluntary migration of workers from overpopulated countries, and regional defense agreements. Unfortunately, the devotion of the A. F. of L. to the free-enterprise system doomed a number of Belgian amendments to the constitution designed to give it some faint Socialist color. Not only were references to a classless society and to participation of workers in the control of industry eliminated, but suggestions of the need for international economic planning were also toned down. The potential power of the confederation is enormous, but if it is to present a real challenge to the Communist World Federation of Trade Unions, it will have to offer forthright leadership even at the risk of clashes within its heterogeneous membership.

*

JUDGE CHARLES P. HUTCHINSON OF NEW Jersey's Mercer County Court is so concerned about "professional ethics" that he has denied the right to choose their lawyers to three defendants who will soon, for the second time, be tried for their lives before him. He has withdrawn from O. John Rogge and two New York colleagues of the left-wing Civil Rights Congress the permission to argue in behalf of three of the six Negroes to whom the New Jersey Supreme Court granted a retrial of their conviction for the murder of a Trenton second-hand-furniture dealer. Apparently, the attorneys have fought too vigorously to extricate their clients from what they are convinced is "a crude frame-up." Since the end of the first trial they have, according to Judge Hutchinson, engaged in such violations of. . . . professional ethics" as addressing mass meetings, offering a reward for information leading to the arrest of "the real murderer," and referring to the proceedings as a "Northern Scottsboro case" and "an outrage." Furthermore, Judge Hutchinson objects to the fund-raising activities of the Civil Rights Congress, an organization that has also supported the convicted Communist leaders. It so happens, however, that it is perfectly proper for lawyers, in their clients' interest, to express their opinion on the conduct of a terminated proceeding; in this case, by the way, Rogge joined the defense months after the first trial had ended. How the defendants finance their appeal is none of Judge Hutchinson's business, nor is the nature or bookkeeping practices of the Civil Rights Congress. If improprieties exist, that is a matter for separate investigation by the state, without bearing on the facts of a murder trial. Judge Hutchinson's only real function is to conduct the trial in an orderly and just fashion; what he has done in effect is rule the defense attorneys in contempt of court *in advance*—a novel procedure. His judgment in the first trial was found "tainted with error" by the State Supreme Court; his recent ruling has done little to restore his standing in the eyes of the community.

SPAIN ENDED THE YEAR WITH A MASQUERADE, assembling its "Parliament" to approve the budget for 1950. Chosen according to a procedure which in effect disfranchises every Spaniard who opposes Franco, that is to say 90 per cent of the population, one of the chief prerogatives of the Cortes is silence. Members may not speak; they merely vote. They are of course expected to vote "yes"; once by an inexplicable error they voted "no" on a minor government proposal and Franco immediately reversed the decision. Naturally the Cortes unanimously approved the budget, which totals about 18,000,000,000 pesetas with a prospective deficit of about 200,000,000. This, however, is the "book deficit"; in reality the deficit is many times greater, as is normal under a regime in total bankruptcy. A look at the budget itself is illuminating: 31.8 per cent for the armed forces, exclusive of the police; 19 per cent for the Ministry of Government, in charge of repression; less than 1 per cent for the Ministry of Agriculture—this in a country where agriculture is the chief source of wealth. Nothing for the widely proclaimed national campaign against tuberculosis, although the tuberculosis rate in Franco Spain, a result of hunger, is the highest in Europe. Such is the government that some of our legislators and military men want to finance at the expense of the American taxpayers. Even an authority on foreign affairs like Senator Vandenberg, in his first public appearance after his illness, favored sending an ambassador to Madrid. But as the New York *Times* said editorially on December 22, this cannot be done without playing "into the hands of Communist fifth columns in every country of the world" and giving Franco's regime "the greatest moral victory—perhaps the only moral victory—to have been gained since the war ended."

Pageants, East and West

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE year's end belonged to two men—Stalin and the Pope. One used his own birthday, the other the birthday of Jesus, as an excuse to dramatize the immense monolith of power each heads and symbolizes. Both claim the devotion of millions of followers, a devotion based on faith and arising in large measure from the craving for a better life—here or hereafter. But while the splendor and opulence of the pageant in St. Peter's had a dignity only tradition could supply, it surely was no closer in spirit to the humble faith taught by the carpenter from Galilee than were the bombast and hero-worship of Moscow's more garish celebration to the impersonal austerity of Marx and Lenin. Both performances were a show of strength, a rallying of the faithful, and a gesture of defiance to enemies and unbelievers. Both were political acts, above all else.

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This is not to say that the emotions which flowed out in homage to Stalin and Pius XII were synthetic. It was because these emotions were real that the demonstrations had political significance. They proved that the cool and ambitious minds in the Kremlin and the Vatican have at their disposal, in pursuit of their contrary aims, an immense body of unquestioning support in every part of the world. Strictly speaking, this needed no proof, but both headquarters understand that the essence of successful promotion is to raise loyalty to the pitch of ardor and then to magnify it until it takes on the look of invincibility. Foolish outsiders may have laughed at the picture of Stalin's bust suspended in mid-air over the Kremlin or grown indignant over the medieval spectacle staged at Rome. Wiser men paid more attention to the purposes behind the apotheosis of Stalin and the Pope's lavish initiation of the Holy Year. What, they asked, were the public-relations officers in Rome and Moscow trying to put over?

Surely Stalin was showing the world that the satellite states are still solidly with Russia, no matter what cracks have appeared here and there in the front. At the same time he was telling the satellites that they could not afford to be anywhere else, no matter what Tito-like ambitions may have infected the minds of certain leaders. And he was telling Mao Tse-tung in particular that only as part of the Soviet coalition could the Chinese revolution hope to survive the struggle for power between Moscow and Washington.

In addition, by a process doubtless regarded in Communist circles as dialectical rather than paradoxical, the birthday triumph was used as an occasion to warn of coming purges, not only in neighboring states but in Russia too. While the main stream of editorializing and oratory was naturally turned against Tito, who has betrayed the faith doubly by surviving, for the time at least, the verdict of Soviet justice, Georgi M. Malenkov commented ominously on the "complacent, boastful, and neglectful" behavior of Russian party leaders, while further drastic action against "deviationists" was promised by satellite representatives.

IF EVER the fate of the heretic should overtake Mao Tse-tung, it was not forecast at the Moscow celebration. The Chinese revolutionary leader was the outstanding figure among all the foreign guests. His reception clearly revealed the Kremlin's firm purpose to attach Communist China to the Eastern bloc (just as Washington's all-out welcome of Nehru showed a determination to keep him out of Moscow's clutches). Mao, on his part, hailed Stalin as "teacher and friend of the Chinese people" and reported that his people "always deeply felt the importance of the friendship of Stalin." These are warm words if not obsequious ones. It would be nonsense to read into them any hidden reservations. One thing is sure. In the present state of China's rela tions with the West, Mao is bound to proclaim his al legiance to Moscow. To do otherwise, even assuming h wished to, would be impossible. Nor can one assume an such desire: whatever Russia's future intentions i China, whatever sources of potential conflict exist, Mos cow at least has not supplied money and arms an bombing planes to Chiang.

For Russia the Chinese revolution is today a sourc of incalculable prestige, a powerful and convincing offi set to the retreat of Communist strength in the Wes Moscow did little positively to help the revolution; in deed, Stalin is said to have tried in 1947 to halt it progress on the ostensible ground that the Communis drive complicated his already difficult relations with th West. Whether this tale is true or not, there is goo reason to doubt Russia's capacity to hold on short leas the mighty force loosed in China. Whether it will accep this view and permit the Asian revolution to take it own course, or will try to control it from Moscow n one would dare predict. Perhaps Tito has taught Stali a lesson. But if this is so, it will mean a revolution i Kremlin and Cominform policy—and a new hope fo the world. If not, then the exchange of courtesies be tween Mao and his comrades in Moscow, even if the lead to a treaty of friendship, will signify no more tha similar amenities in the past. For it cannot be imagine that Communist China, in the full flush of its revolu tionary triumph, victor in a civil war directed by it own leadership and won by its own armies will accep the sort of tutelage that is exercised by Moscow ove all the Cominform states.

STALIN'S spokesmen and the Pope alike talked o peace. Their ideas about it differ. The Vatican calle for a Christian rally against the forces of "militant athe ism," and warned the people of the world not to barte their immortal souls for illusory earthly gains. Mosco announced several annual peace prizes, amounting to som $20,000 each, to be awarded to citizens of any natio for outstanding service in the struggle against war an warmongers. But peace will not come from Vatica directed rallies or Stalin prizes. More hope lies in Ma enkov's detailed exposition of Stalin's thesis that com munism and capitalism can coexist in amicable rivali

Czechoslovakia Revisited

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

How do people live? How free is the press? Who is being purged? Three articles comparing today's conditions with those of six months ago.

Starting next week in *The Nation*

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or a long time to come. If this signifies a readiness to liscuss freshly the differences between Russia and the West, some action should be taken to indicate the hange. For only concrete evidence can convince a loubting world that the rulers of either Russia or the West are prepared to put peace ahead of other major ational interests.

As for the Pope, his underlying purpose made itself nanifest through his ill-timed invitation to other Chris-ian denominations to "return" to the Holy See. This rrogant claim upon the loyalty of the non-Catholic vorld could not have been made at a less opportune ioment. Protestants are no doubt disturbed over the hreat to peace and most of them are fearful of Mos-ow's intentions. But never within recent years were hey more keenly aware of the encroachments of clerical ontrol upon Protestant and secular interests in every ountry. "Rome my Fatherland" is a slogan that sums p, as Pius XII himself put it, the concept of the "per-nnial authority of the Vicar of Christ." By those who eject that authority the Pope's words will be taken as challenge rather than a friendly invitation.

The Real Mr. Sawyer

BY BRUCE CATTON

Washington, December 22

WHEN Washington isn't too engrossed in such mat-ters as the dreadful revelation that we sent military id to Russia at a time when Russia was our ally in the /ar against Germany, it speculates these days about ecretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer and what is iaking him start to tick all of a sudden.

Until recently Sawyer was the Cabinet's forgotten ian. Mention his name and you got a polite "Who?" 'he Department of Commerce has long been a mori-und agency, and this affable Ohio business man eemed to have dropped into its dignified obscurity with-ut a struggle. Of late, however, he is being regarded ot merely as the Administration's new missionary to ie conservatives but as a member of the Cabinet who s helping to expound top policy and perhaps to shape . Fair Deal supporters even see him as a sinister figure eeking to lead the President off to the extreme right.

Actually, he has not yet shown himself to be any-iing of the kind, however much his basic political rientation may differ from Mr. Truman's. He is simply roviding the Fair Deal with a useful liaison with big usiness; if there is any chance that some of the Admin-tration policies which directly affect the business com-iunity can be put into operation without a prolonged dog fight, Sawyer is apt to be the man who finds the chance and puts it to good use.

Specifically, Sawyer is working on anti-trust policy. Not long ago he revealed that he was heading an inter-agency committee, at the President's request, to make recommendations on the matter. He said there should be less confusion about the anti-trust program so that the business man could know what he may and may not do, and he touched on the need for voluntary "codes of fair practice" in industry. That sounded like good N. A. M. doctrine, and the liberals took alarm. Appar-ently they overlooked the fact that Sawyer had just re-leased an extensive Department of Commerce study of concentration in industry which was loaded to the brim with exactly the kind of evidence the Celler committee has been digging up; if Representative Celler succeeds in his attempt to break up big industrial combines, some of his most effective ammunition will have been pro-vided by Sawyer. One liberal Congressman wrote Saw-yer insisting that some anti-trust problems can't be solved by "educating" big business. Sawyer replied that he agreed and that the loophole in the Clayton act which permits the big boys to buy up their competitors' assets should be plugged.

If the liberals failed to see the importance of this report the conservatives grasped it without delay, and as solid a right-winger as David Lawrence promptly took Sawyer to task, complaining that the whole tenor of the report gave the impression "that those companies which have achieved leadership have probably done so by violating the law." Suggestions that Sawyer was spear-heading a move to soften the anti-trust program were dismissed by Lawrence as "wishful thinking." In fact, he asserted that the compilation and issuance of this report could be due to nothing but "a desire to penalize success and leadership—and unwittingly per-haps to break down the whole spirit of free enter-prise."

The suspicions that Sawyer has aroused, actually, are of the kind any Secretary of Commerce in a liberal Administration will arouse if he really tries to do his job. This Secretaryship is the oddest post in the Cabinet. It is a complete sinecure if its occupant chooses to make it that.

Hoover took the sprawling, inchoate department, ap-plied modern promotion and merchandising techniques, and made it an important branch of government. None of his other successors have emulated him. Sawyer has intelligence and energy and is devoting himself to his task as he sees it. Part of his task is to talk pleasantly to the business community—to make business men feel that even in a Democratic Administration there is someone who speaks their language. Part of it is to make studies like the report on concentration of industry. He is working hard at both.

RUCE CATTON is the author of "The War Lords of Washington."

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Preview of 1950

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

WE are entering on a year of important international events. In Europe two elections of more than ordinary interest will be held. About the British elections, which will probably take place in March, the one thing certain is that Labor will lose seats. Whether its losses will be extensive enough to return Churchill to power and thus give Europe a final push toward the right no one knows. However deplorable Mr. Bevin's foreign policy has been—worse than that in some cases—and however scandalous the approval bestowed on it by a majority of his party, no progressive person with any imagination could want to see Labor defeated. Churchill in power, in his own right or behind an Eden or a Butler, would be a calamity in this period of tension.

In France elections are not required by the constitution next year, but political developments from day to day are making them inevitable. Though headed by one of the best men the Third Force could put forward, Georges Bidault, the present French government is a government in name only. Dissensions among the three major parties composing it prevent it from doing more than routine work. President Auriol has patiently tried to maintain unity among the disparate elements in the Cabinet, but in the coming year he will be forced to dissolve Parliament and call new elections. Will the victory be won by the Gaullists? by the Communists? Neither result seems clearly indicated. It looks as if the make-up of a new Parliament might be much like the present one, in which case the deadlock would continue. Only by a return to the spirit of the Resistance, so tragically abandoned less than a year after the end of the war, can France surmount its present difficulties. Otherwise it will merely manage to exist—on American dollars.

One sees increased labor unrest and strikes all over Western Europe—with an important political consequence: the tendency of workers in Communist and non-Communist unions to join forces, shown recently in France and Italy, will become stronger, regardless of the attitude of certain union leaders and left politicians.

No march of the Red Army on Yugoslavia—to some people's great disappointment.

Greater participation of the Vatican in international affairs as a result of the success achieved at the last session of the United Nations on the issue of Jerusalem—and exploiting fully the political possibilities of the Holy Year.

Growing competition between the two German states, with Western Germany falling more and more into the hands of the Nazis and the cartels, and Eastern Germany capitalizing on its socialization policy and its slogan of German unity to the increasing embarrassment of Bonn.

In Spain intensified opposition to Franco; 1950 may be the turning point. Much will depend on whether or not the United States respects the spirit of the U. N. resolution and world opinion and refuses the bankrupt Franco regime the loan which would delay its fall.

In Latin America fascism will continue to advance until the fascist regime is ended in Spain.

Nineteen fifty will show the tremendous international importance of Communist China: not only will it replace the old regime in the United Nations, but its influence will affect profoundly the revolution throughout Asia.

And finally, the coming year will be dominated by desperate efforts to deal with the problem of the atomic bomb and of relations between East and West.

Though Americans have been assured that the United States has a much greater stockpile of bombs than Russia and complete plans for using them, the man in the street is worried. He realizes that it is not a question of having a thousand bombs more or less but of being the first to use them. During the last session of the United Nations a Russian diplomat known for his wit said at a social affair attended by a number of Russians and Americans: "If I were directing the Cold War from Moscow, I would say to you Americans, 'Gentlemen, we grant that you have many many more atomic bombs than we have, and that your aviation is vastly superior to ours. Knowing that, we have been secreting two dozen of our bombs—they do not take up much space—all we have been able to manufacture so far in the twelve largest cities of the United States, and there they will remain until, if you finally decide on war, we give the order to explode them.'" The dead-pan expression on the faces of the Russians did not change. The Americans laughed, but one of them said after the evening was over: "Now that the Russians have the bomb, the argument that for every one they drop we could drop a hundred isn't quite enough to make one sleep calmly."

And so in 1950 popular pressure for an agreement between East and West will grow stronger. Contrary to the earlier belief that the cold war might drag on for several years, most competent observers with whom I have talked lately think it cannot continue even two years more. With the propaganda of both sides becoming constantly more violent and the armament race gaining speed, the world would wake up one day to find itself in a war of annihilation.

What is the way out of the impasse? In my opinion the only practical thing to do is to seek an early agreement in the sphere of trade. The initiative should be taken by the economically stronger of the two opponents, that is, by the United States. President Truman should propose the resumption of full trade between East and West, without discrimination. In doing so he would of course have the right to demand an appropriate *quid pro quo*. Nobody would expect Washington to make all the concessions. The Department of State should prepare a list of the guaranties desired from the Russians and establish a very concrete and clear agenda for the negotiations.

I am confident that the Russians would give a favorable reply to such a proposal. American business would not reject it. It would solve many common economic problems.

If this idea makes progress, 1950 will be a great year. If not, we shall simply have one more year of the cold war, perhaps the last.

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Shangri-La of the Atom

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Santa Fe, December 20

IN 1943 a narrow road led from the floor of the Rio Grande valley a short distance above Santa Fe to a pine-dotted, 7,500-feet-high mesa in the Jemez Mountains occupied by the exclusive Los Alamos Ranch School. Today the road is a well-policed highway and the ranch school has been replaced by a city of 9,100 people. As you drive up toward the mesa, however, you would never suspect you were coming to a town. The road simply makes a sharp curve and there, rather incredibly, is Los Alamos.

Well hidden in the midst of Indian reservations and national parks, Los Alamos is guarded in a manner that must delight Senator B. B. Hickenlooper of Iowa. Visitors are required to apply for passes, and their names are carefully screened. Residents and visitors are checked in and out at the entrance gate by Atomic Energy Commission police in handsome sky-blue uniforms. Within the guarded project site are some of the best-equipped physics-research laboratories in the world, where many of the finest scientists in America are at work.

Los Alamos is an amazingly "young" community. Since only persons connected with the project or their dependents can live there, 84 per cent of the inhabitants are under forty. Unemployment is theoretically impossible. Indeed, the absence of the whole paraphernalia of welfare is one striking thing about the community. Aside from traffic violations Los Alamos is also a city without crime. This is explained in part by the peculiar over-all social controls and the carefully selected population, in part by the full employment and economic security.

An admirably planned civic center has been built, with a bank, drugstore, newsstand, post office, motion-picture theater, markets, shops, library, and hospital. Commercial concessions are let on a competitive-bid basis and are restricted in number and type by the standards of modern urban planning. The elimination of unnecessary stores saves the downtown section from the cluttered appearance usually noticed in a city of this size. I heard no complaints, however, about services or facilities.

As might be expected, this high-income community has had a marked impact on the nearby Spanish-speaking villages and Indian pueblos. It pays a minimum wage for unskilled labor of $1 an hour, and maids are in demand at $5 a day. Large numbers of Hispanos (Spanish-speaking New Mexicans) and Indians have found employment. Electrical gadgets are appearing in the villages and pueblos, and new tractors in the fields. I could find no evidence of discrimination or segregation.

Of 142 towns and villages in New Mexico only 5 had 10,000 or more residents in 1940, and only 13 had 5,000 or more. Los Alamos is thus one of the larger communities. Of 5,886 residents over the age of twenty-one, 4,360 are employed, which indicates that a number of wives have taken jobs. This raises many family incomes considerably above the $3,300 a year earned by the average individual. Los Alamos is pumping something like $5,000,000 a month into the economy of the area.

Since Los Alamos residents live on lands exclusively within the jurisdiction of the federal government, the Supreme Court ruled that they could not vote in New Mexico. They were thus deprived of the legal residence needed for such purposes as divorce, adoption, and probate. To overcome this difficulty, the project has been incorporated as Los Alamos County, and the residents will soon hold their first county election. The addition to the rolls of some 6,000 voters who show a Democratic preference in the ratio of three to two has not caused too much anguish to the ruling political party in the state.

The scientists are employed by the University of California, the administrative personnel by the AEC, and the construction and maintenance staff by the Zia Company. But though they work for three different employers, and the scientists are under special security restrictions, the residents have a strong feeling of unity and social cohesion. Until I visited Los Alamos I had never fully appreciated the meaning of Alexander Meiklejohn's definition of a democracy as "a society which is carrying on an enterprise in which all its members have a genuine share." There is of course a bustling civic and social life. The familiar sight of Kiwanis and Lions Club emblems around the guarded entrance is the best assurance that Los Alamos is not a Tibetan monastery but a curious mutation of Main Street. The usual inter-faith groups, fraternal organizations, and churches are also found, and in addition there are some ninety active social organizations, ranging from a chapter of the League of Women Voters to the highly popular Rifle Club. The radio station, KRSN, has in the past enjoyed a glorious freedom from commercial domination but will shortly be taken over by one of the major networks.

Los Alamos lacks a cemetery and a newspaper. Sev-

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eral women told me that they suffered from a feeling of "unreality." When I questioned them, they suggested that their feeling might be traced to the absence of any deeply rooted or assured continuity. If their husbands died, they said, they would have to leave, although by that time the place might have become home to them and their children. They also worried about possible transfers or dismissals. They seemed to feel that their stay in this incredibly beautiful city on the mesa, with its magnificent view across the Rio Grande valley to the Sangre de Cristo Range, was disturbingly transitory. For a time Los Alamos had a newspaper, but the distance to the nearest printing press was too great for its publication to be practicable.

Culturally Los Alamos is truly "unreal," owing to its isolation from the region in which it is located. Many residents, however, are developing an interest in New Mexican archaeology, and the Civic Club has some charming murals by the talented young Indian artist, Tim Vigil.

Although the residents have every apparent freedom —subject only to regulations governing entrance and exit and the marking off of certain "contaminated" areas —I am sure that this freedom also seems partly unreal. The fences around the "Tech" area, the guards, and the warning signs must surely remind the residents of the grim purpose for which the community was created. It is quite apparent, too, that conversations are carried on within certain unstated but clearly understood political limits. In this respect Los Alamos is not altogether unlike Los Angeles.

Coming down from "the Hill" on a pitch-black night, I kept asking myself if what I had seen back there had not been an illusion. The next morning, from Santa Fe, I looked toward the mountains, thirty miles or more in the distance, where the invisible city is located. In the clear light of a New Mexico morning it seemed even more improbable that a community of 9,000 people could be hidden on those towering pine-blue mesas. Like Hans Castorp returning to the plains, I had a strange feeling that the far-off Jemez summits were, indeed, the magic mountains of America.

Indonesia—Republic with Strings

BY ANDREW ROTH

Batavia-Singapore, December 15

AS THE Republic's red-and-white flag rises over the two-thousand-mile crescent of Indonesia's verdant islands, Indonesia's millions cheer it as a symbol of their formal independence. Many foreign well-wishers rejoice with them, happy that Asia's most important colonial struggle has reached this stage.

Some Indonesians wonder, however, whether the independence they have achieved is really the same as the dream so long pursued. They fear lest under the terms of their agreement with the Dutch, The Hague will still have too great a voice in Indonesian affairs. It was a psychological error to hold the decisive conference on Indonesia's future six thousand miles away. As a result of Dutch control of incoming news and the immaturity of Indonesian newspapers, fewer solid facts about the negotiations were published in Batavia than in New York.

When the terms were finally revealed, the Indonesian nationalists applied a simple test. The Dutch and Dr. Hatta had promised that the transfer of sovereignty would be "real, complete, and unconditional." Was it? Unfortunately it appears to be incomplete and conditional.

If the Dutch had tried a little harder to win Indonesian good-will, 1950 might begin an era of fruitful cooperation, for the Indonesians realize they still have much to learn on the technical, administrative, and economic side. But by first demanding impossibilities and then haggling over possibilities, the Dutch lost their opportunity to leave Indonesia as the British left India. Sultan Hamid II, one of Holland's best friends in Indonesia, put it succinctly: "If the Dutch had drawn a bigger check on cooperation than on paper commitments, they would have got more out of this conference than they are getting."

Long before Dmitri Manuilsky attacked the Dutch-Indonesian agreement with customary Soviet bombast in the United Nations, considerable Indonesian dissatisfaction had been expressed. Even among the chief Indonesian negotiators there was little enthusiasm for the pact, simply the feeling that it was the best that could be achieved under the circumstances. Many of their young advisers felt it was a "surrender." The extreme left—Communists and Trotskyists—strongly opposes it, and Sutan Sjarir's moderate Socialists have withheld their approval. Even more significant has been the amount of opposition among the Soekarno-Hatta government's customary supporters. Batavia's leading moderate nationalist paper, *Merdeka*, declares that the agreement cannot result in real independence, and some elements

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in the largest Indonesian party, the conservative Islamic Masjumi, which supports the government, have denounced it as another form of colonialism.

IF INDEPENDENCE means a nation's ability to make decisions without interference, the new Indonesia cannot be called fully independent. Although the Dutch did not obtain the overlordship for which they strove, they have kept enough influence in significant areas to curtail Indonesia's freedom of action. Through their investment of about three and a half billion guilders in key industries the Dutch can easily dominate the islands' economy. Their administrative control is continued by the provision that the new government is to take over the whole Dutch bureaucracy for a minimum of two years. The Indonesian nationalists have also been forced to accept the existing structure of petty states, almost all of which are dominated by Dutch-sponsored feudal elements. The Dutch army will stay in the islands for from six to twelve months. A military mission will instruct for three years, and pro-Dutch mercenaries like the Ambonese are to be absorbed into the Indonesian army. The Surabaya naval base will remain under Dutch operational control. In addition to these sources of influences, Holland will have a base in undeveloped, oil-rich New Guinea, custody of which it has managed to retain for at least another year.

Holland's position is further strengthened by the fact that both the United States and Britain want Dutch influence in Indonesia to continue. Much of the considerable British and the smaller American investment in the region is intertwined with Dutch capital in the oil, rubber, and tin industries. If the Dutch companies suffer, the incomes of British and American investors will fall. Perhaps more important, the economic stability of Western Europe will be affected.

The British and Americans are also more than a little fearful that the easygoing and inexperienced Indonesians may temporarily make quite a mess of things, *à la* Burma, and that the Communists will seize the opportunity to make another big play for Southeast Asia. The danger will be less if the Dutch are there to act as a "stiffener." A Dutch naval commander can be expected to keep the Surabaya base in better working order than an Indonesian commander, and Anglo-American naval forces might need that base. Similarly the oil fields, harbors, and air fields of New Guinea are more certain to be open to the Anglo-Americans with the Dutch in control.

These considerations were strongly imprinted on the Dutch-Indonesian agreement by Merle Cochran, the United States member of the U. N. Commission on Indonesia. While a peaceful settlement would scarcely have been possible without the efforts of Mr. Cochran, who combined diplomatic skill with the lure of American loans, the compromise he effected between the Dutch and Indonesian claims was one that suited the Anglo-Americans. Mr. Cochran will retain his great influence as first United States ambassador to Indonesia. In furthering their own purposes the Anglo-Americans seem to have underestimated the degree to which continued Dutch influence in Indonesia would keep alive the issue of colonialism. Yet their political strategy in Southeast Asia is based on the concept that a moderate nationalist government is a better anti-Communist bulwark than a rebellious colony.

President Soekarno

Last August Dr. Hatta said: "Militarily we can control the Communists now. But we must avoid any sign . . . that we are 'selling out' to foreigners. This will influence our attitude on such questions as leasing a naval base to the Dutch." As it turned out, the Indonesians were compelled to lease the Surabaya naval base. And the Dutch were not discouraged by the Anglo-Americans from holding out for full sovereign control of New Guinea, subject to reexamination of the question during the coming year. This gives the Indonesian Communists an excellent opportunity to attack the new government as the stooge of the Dutch and Anglo-Americans. In short, emphasis on military strategy has crippled the Western powers' political strategy in Indonesia.

EVERY new state has some "bad years" of readjustment after the transition from colonial to independent status. But the problems of the Indonesians have been made even more difficult by the maneuvers of the great powers in the "cold war." Moreover, while most observers will agree that the Indonesians are among the most attractive peoples in Asia, with a quick intelligence second to none, few will give them high marks in hard-headed realism or organizational ability. Additionally handicapped by inexperience, they are confronted with the tremendous task of bringing unity to a group of islands spread over an area as large as the United States. The inhabitants share an Indonesian language, the Moslem religion, and a common culture, but they are divided by regional loyalties and by differences of dialect and custom. Causes of friction were multiplied when the Dutch carved out fifteen feudal states as a counterweight to the Java-centered Indonesian nationalists. In order to present a united front to the Dutch in the Round Table Conference, the Soekarno-Hatta forces took over

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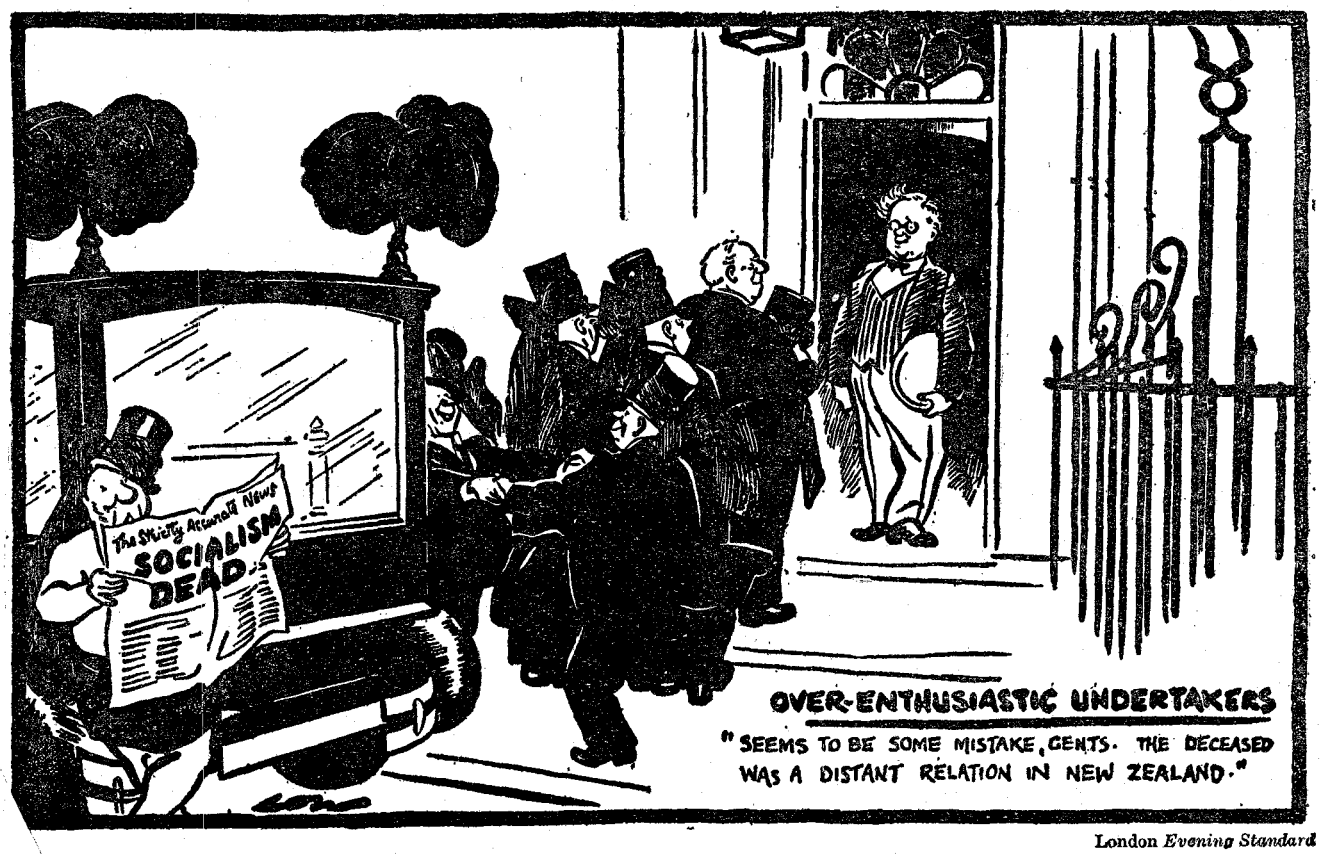
the leadership of this Dutch-created patchwork of states.

The integration of these states with their predominantly feudal social structure poses a problem for the infant Indonesian Republic. Under the federal-type provisional constitution the feudal leaders of these states can dominate the new government and will presumably put up a fight to retain their privileges. It is indicative of their mentality that on the island of Bali a man was recently jailed for a year without trial because he said a rajah was "dumb"! The undemocratic Malay sultans whom the Dutch installed in East Sumatra were selected not only because they were anti-nationalist but also because they were sympathetic to the continuation of the valuable tobacco and rubber estates owned by Dutch, British, and American concerns. It is perhaps not accidental that East Sumatra was the only state that refused to sign the provisional constitution.

INDONESIA'S early prospects would be more hopeful if its leaders and parties were better able to face up to its problems and mobilize the human resources to solve them. President Soekarno, a man of great charm and a consummate orator, is ideally suited to be the symbol of Indonesia's emergent nationalism, but he is not a man of great intellectual depth or moral courage. The Japanese were able to use him to recruit tens of thousands of forced laborers, most of whom died as a result of the conditions of work. Dr. Hatta, the "strong man" of the nationalist movement, is a person of stubborn integrity and is willing to take an unpopular course if he feels it is right, but he has not much faith in the people. In August, 1945, he and President Soekarno signed the independence proclamation only after they had been virtually kidnapped by a group of Socialist youths. In December, 1948, on the eve of the second "police action," Dr. Hatta had capitulated to 90 per cent of the Dutch demands, partly to avoid conflict and partly because he underestimated Indonesia's power to resist. Only the unrealistic greed of the Dutch and their inability to reverse a long-planned military operation saved him at that time from the wrath of a large section of the nationalists.

The inexperience and lack of realism of the Soekarno-Hatta leadership are likely to be most apparent in the economic field. Dr. Hatta has two pet projects—that five or ten million people be transferred from heavily populated Java to underpopulated Sumatra, and that Indonesia's reconstruction be financed by cutting Sumatra's and Borneo's immense stands of timber. Either task would strain the government's limited organizing talents. One of Indonesia's few sober and informed economists, Dr. Sumitro, has said: "After the establishment of a sovereign Indonesia it must be our first concern to get the people back to work rather than to start building economic castles on the moon." He realizes, if Hatta does not, that the first year of independence "will be taken up entirely by the struggle for survival, and it is doubtful that we shall be able even to make a beginning with reconstruction projects."

To tide them over these next years the Indonesians have asked for large loans from the United States. Dr. Hatta has proclaimed that, like Pandit Nehru, he would


The Strictly Accurate News
SOCIALISM DEAD
OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC UNDERTAKERS
"SEEMS TO BE SOME MISTAKE, GENTS. THE DECEASED WAS A DISTANT RELATION IN NEW ZEALAND."

London *Evening Standard*

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like to be "neutral" in the conflict between the two great blocs. This means that he wants the economic and military benefits of Anglo-American friendship without having to make anti-Soviet speeches.

Among the younger nationalists are quite a few promising leaders. One of the best is the Sultan of Jogjakarta, who has served as Defense Minister and Deputy Premier. Despite his feudal background he is personally and politically a democrat and is tremendously popular because he led the Central Java resistance movement. He is also that great rarity among Indonesian leaders, a man of real executive ability. Dr. Natsir and Dr. Shafruddin are two modern-minded and able young leaders of the Islamic Masjumi Party. The leading spokesman of the moderate left opposition is Sutan Sjarir, intellectual and former Premier. Dissatisfied with the agreement but knowing that its acceptance is inevitable, he has refused to approve or disapprove it, hoping to organize a responsible opposition. The extreme left, Communists and Trotskyists, have a fine opportunity to attack the agreement as a "sell-out" and exploit wide popular dissatisfaction, but both groups lost their best leaders last year. The formlessness of Indonesian politics makes it extremely difficult to tell what new leaders will come to the fore and how the opposition to the Soekarno-Hatta government will make itself felt.

The crucial unknown factor is the future alignment of the educated and nationalistic youth who during the last four years have officered the army and served in the lower administrative posts. It was by underestimating their burning patriotism that the Dutch blundered. These youths have respected Soekarno and Hatta in the past but do not feel Indonesia has received quite the *merdeka* (independence) for which they fought. In coming years they will be searching for new leaders, and the men who seem best fitted to build a "brave new world" will be able to harness Indonesia's most dynamic element.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Fifty Years Ago in "The Nation"

December 28, 1899: The extraordinary activity in polar exploration which marks the close of the century proves, probably once for all, that however enterprises of this kind may be decried by sentimentalists and deprecated by the "practical"-minded, the efforts to penetrate into the realm of the unknown will be persisted in until the final object has been attained. . . . At no time in the history of polar explorations have . . . the antipodal Arctic and Antarctic tracts simultaneously and about equally engaged the attention of explorers and of the learned bodies behind them. The expeditions of Peary, Sverdrup, Wellman, Nathorst, and the Duke of Abruzzi in the north, and of Gerlache and Borchgrevink, with the one now forming under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society of London, in the south, are the records for the year 1899.

No Comment

PRETORIA, South Africa.—City life leads many South African Negro workers to magistrates' courts through drunkenness, assault and battery, and other misdemeanors. Since the penal code takes no cognizance of the color bar, the same penalties are meted out to whites and Negroes, regardless of their very different earnings. It follows that prisons are overcrowded with Negroes serving short terms in default of paying fines. Some shrewd Transvaal farmers saw an opportunity in this state of things. At Leslie, in a corn and potato county, they . . . built a jail. The Department of Justice readily agreed to fill it. Now the farmers of Leslie holding shares in the venture have labor aplenty at the cost of 1*s.* 6*d.* [about 25 cents] per man per day. The Minister of Justice in the Nationalist Cabinet, Charles R. Swart, has . . . pictured the convicts "living in the congenial atmosphere of the countryside."—From a special dispatch to the New York *Times*, October 5.

TWO NEGRO MEN sat in [Dade] county jail behind bars for half a year even though they were not charged with violating any law. The men are material witnesses in two different cases which have not been brought to trial. . . . How did the men . . . get into jail? It was all very legal-like. . . . Criminal County Court Judge Ben Willard . . . set bail at $500 for each man, and because neither . . . had enough money to make bond, they were tossed into the clink. That was last April.—From the Miami, Florida, *Daily News*, October 9.

ON THE SURFACE [Frank] Costello operates like many another capitalist. He has a full-time press agent, a lawyer on retainer, and a psychiatrist.—From the New York *Times*, October 23.

ART LESSONS for business men. Beautiful live models. Relaxing and private. Call OR-56 . . . —Classified advertisement in the Los Angeles *Mirror*, October 17.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—The Russian club at Harvard has changed its name to the Slavic Society. . . . President Alexander O'Globin, nineteen, . . . explained: "Somehow the word 'Russian' seems to have a peculiar connotation these days." O'Globin said the club—or society—had no political leanings. Its chief function, he said, was to sit around, drink tea, eat crackers and caviar—and talk Russian.—From an Associated Press dispatch, November 2.

BEING A SOCIALIST and an educated one, Nehru has read such publications as *The Nation* for years. It is no secret that up to his present tour [of the United States] he had a distorted picture of the country.—From the Minneapolis Sunday *Tribune*, November 6.

[*Readers are invited to contribute to "No Comment" and to "In the Wind." Two dollars will be paid for each item printed.*]

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Tractors and Titoism

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

IT IS reported from Belgrade by the correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* that Stalin has intervened directly in Poland to speed up the collectivization of Polish agriculture. The Soviet Premier, in a harsh letter to the Polish Communist Party, is said to have demanded that kolkhozes (collective farms) be organized on a large scale without delay. A passage in the letter is understood to have declared: "Enough of coquetry in Poland with kulak elements. . . . The kolkhozes must be built in 1950."

In some quarters it is believed that collectivization would have taken a spurt even if Stalin had not acted. The hitherto slow progress of this fundamental revolution in agriculture in the countries of Eastern Europe has been due in part to the low level of production of tractors and agricultural machinery, a difficulty which is being gradually overcome. If the peasants are to be compelled to give up the family-farm system and to found or join collectives, they must receive some recompense—at the very least maintenance of their present living standard, plus a definite chance to improve it. They can be assured of this, however, only if collective farms are supplied with enough tractors and other machinery to make increased agricultural production possible.

In Soviet Russia there has been some improvement in this field. It can be no mere coincidence that almost simultaneously with Stalin's letter Georgi M. Malenkov declared on the occasion of the thirty-second anniversary of the Soviet Revolution:

> Our Socialist agriculture has also registered big achievements. Already in 1948 the gross grain harvest all but attained the level of 1940. This year's harvest exceeds that of 1940.
>
> In 1949 agriculture is to receive 150,000 tractors of fifteen horse-power each, 29,000 harvester combines, over 1,600,000 tractor-drawn implements, and other farm machinery. *In other words, agriculture will receive three or four times more tractors and machines than in the pre-war year of 1940. . . .*
>
> In the past year the collective farms and state farms increased their total number of cattle by 20 per cent, their sheep by 13 per cent, and their pigs by 72 per cent.
>
> This year the collective farms and state farms delivered to the state 128,000,000 pounds more grain than last year. (Italics mine).

Russian agriculture seems by now to have overcome the serious setback caused by the devastation of war. Russian collective farms are returning to peace-time levels of production. According to Malenkov, Russian tractor production is considerably above the pre-war level. This increases the ability of the Soviet Union to supply the satellite nations with some of the tractors and farm machinery they need. The fact that until very recently Russia was not producing such machinery over and above its own requirements explains why there has been so little collectivization of agriculture outside its borders. The Communist parties of the satellite countries refused to accelerate the pace of collectivization unless it was linked with the shipment of tractors and farm machinery in sizable quantities and with a broad educational program that would enable the collective farms to use the equipment efficiently.

The Hungarian Communist leader Rakosi, for one, is in full accord with the Russians on the extreme importance of agricultural collectivization in maintaining the regimes in Eastern Europe. In a statement by the Hungarian Communist Party of which he was co-author we read: "[Collectivization] alone can remove the contradiction that develops when socialism is established in the towns while in the countryside small individual holdings predominate. This, according to Lenin, spontaneously generates capitalism and a bourgeois mentality."

But Rakosi and other Communist leaders in the satellite nations know only too well the terrible conditions that prevailed in Russia in the early thirties when collectivization first got under way. They know that because it was instituted precipitately and the Russian peasants fought against it, it made agriculture plummet to new depths. Livestock numbers were halved; harvests were poorer than under czarism; famine created a situation akin to civil war. Hence the hesitation of these leaders and the statement of the Hungarian Communists that "mass collectivization without 'technical foundations' would be a mistake"; hence the attempts by the countries of Eastern Europe—*before* they embark on collectivization on a larger scale—to reach an agreement with the Russians on the shipment of tractors, not in general terms but with precise figures set for each shipment.

The Rumanians have established a joint Soviet-Rumanian company, "Sovromtractor," which is supposed to receive 30,000 tractors, but it is doubtful whether this agreement will be carried out in full. Tractor stocks everywhere in Eastern Europe are still very low. A year ago when Dimitrov announced the great collectivization program for Bulgaria, he said there were 4,960 tractors

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in the country. He hoped to received another 5,000 from Russia during 1949, but this hope does not seem to have been fulfilled.

In estimating the progress of collectivization one must take care not to be misled by statistics showing the goals expected to be attained after certain plans have been carried out. It is more realistic to consider the starting points. Dimitrov, for example, hoped that by 1952-53 at least 60 per cent of the country's arable land would be collectivized, but he had to admit that in the spring of 1949 the percentage was only 2.2. In Poland the situation is similar. None of various estimates puts the proportion of the land already collectivized at more than 5 per cent; most put it lower. Peasant resistance is very considerable. The government-recognized Peasant Self-Help Association formulated its objections with no ambiguity, though in guarded language: "Transition from individual to team farming will proceed slowly in our country and will be entirely voluntary, in accordance with the peasants' increasing understanding that the superiority of team farming over individual farming is in proportion to the number of tractors and agricultural machinery available." There still are fewer than one hundred large collective farms in Poland.

If we were to imagine that there would be no further steps toward collectivization in Eastern Europe, we should have to conclude that there had been no effective revolution. Actually large land ownership has been completely liquidated and its place taken in the main by individual family farms. Collectivization on a big scale will be the next stage. It will be facilitated by the twenty years' industrial experience of the Russians and their rapidly increasing production of tractors and agricultural machinery. But why are the Russians so much interested in rapid collectivization in the satellite states? The answer lies in the history of the Bolshevist state itself. As long as the individual family farm predominated, state and party supremacy were insecure. For that reason the Russians carried out collectivization of their agriculture hand in hand with the execution of their five-year plans. There are no more individual farms in Russia. The 18,500,000 families that once operated farms are combined into some 250,000 kolkhozes. And since the Russian government owns the tractors and all the rest of the machinery necessary for modernized agriculture, its control reaches to the remotest Russian village.

Throughout Eastern Europe, with the exception of Czechoslovakia, agriculture is the decisive economic sector. The great majority of the population lives by farming. If government control, embodied in the Communist parties, is to be secure, collectivization is as essential as it once was in Russia. The development of the countries of Eastern Europe will, however, be different from that of Russia in that the collectivization of their agriculture is to begin *before* they have taken decisive steps toward industrialization rather than *after*. Many years will elapse before domestic industrialization in, say, Rumania or Bulgaria reaches the point where agriculture can be modernized and collectivized with equipment produced at home, and during that time Communist domination in the villages—that is, among the majority of the population—would lack a stable base. Hence collectivization is to begin, with Russian aid, before domestic industrialization has made the requisite progress.

APART from the fact that the Russians will shortly be producing a surplus of tractors and farm machinery which they can export at the rate of some ten thousand units a year to the countries of Eastern Europe, they can marshal another powerful argument in favor of pushing collectivization in those countries on the basis of Russian industrial production. This is the military argument. The Second World War proved that great peacetime tractor plants are the surest guaranty of a tremendous war-time tank production. It also convinced the Russians that they should remove the greatest possible part of their military production facilities from their European provinces to beyond the Urals. Even more they want to leave no key industries in the satellite countries, within easy range of bombing attacks. Using Russian production to supply the Eastern countries with the necessary agricultural machinery has the additional advantage for Russia of keeping those countries industrially dependent on the Soviet Union in at least one vital respect.

Such a policy, by the way, is in accord with the Soviet Union's general economic policy, which may be summarized as follows: industrial production is to be tremendously increased in order to make the Soviet Union and its empire as far as possible self-sufficient and independent of countries beyond the Russian orbit, while within the Russian empire the satellite nations are to be kept to a large degree dependent on Russian industry. This trend is likely to emerge with great clarity when the Russians publish their new Five-Year Plan in 1950, coincident with the publication of plans for the economic development of the neighboring countries.

So far collectivization has barely started in the satellite states. But already in the chorus of opposition the voice of nationalism can be distinguished, since it is becoming plain that progress in collectivization will increase these countries' economic dependence on Russia. Precisely because the starting level is so low and because peasant resistance is strong and tinged with nationalist feeling, the anticipated advance of collectivization is bound to be accompanied by severe crises. Any analysis dealing with Russian foreign policy in the immediate future must reckon with this fact.

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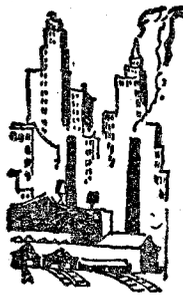

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Stockholder Relations

LEWIS AND JOHN GILBERT, champions of the small stockholders, to whose labors I have called attention before, have lost none of their zest for charging reactionary and obscurantist boards of directors and by precept and example are beginning to enlist a number of supporters to fight under their banner of "corporate democracy." Their tenth annual report, a well-printed folio-sized document of thirty pages, is quite the most ambitious they have yet issued.

The report opens with the statement: "The unmistakable and long overdue trend to direct corporate control by the stockholders through the medium of the annual meeting continued unabated through 1949." That sounds a little over-optimistic to me. "Direct corporate control" by stockholders is really a sheer impossibility in the case of our larger corporations, which have tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands, of owners. Under the most favorable circumstances only a fraction of the stockholding body can hope to attend annual meetings, and the organization of effective opposition to the directors of a corporation is very rarely successful unless there is a split among the insiders. Nevertheless, if stockholders are seldom in a position to direct policy, they can do something to influence it, and it is well worth their while to attend annual meetings and to insist on their right to be curious.

When even a few stockholders take this initiative, company meetings cease to be cut-and-dried affairs and become interesting enough to attract larger audiences. Thanks to the Gilberts and a few other independent souls, more owners of corporate securities are being encouraged to take advantage of their day in court, and wiser managements, noting this increased interest, are taking steps to stimulate it. Thus General Electric this year arranged for a tour of its Schenectady plant in connection with its annual meeting and consequently had a gathering of 1,500. Other corporations have been persuaded to move their meeting places to New York, Chicago, and other large centers, while General Mills has started a trend toward regional meetings, which give many more stockholders a chance to meet and question their directors.

Too many corporations, however, still have little consideration for the convenience of their owners and continue to hold meetings at the out-of-the-way spots where they have legal headquarters. Thus the F. W. Woolworth Company discourages all but a few hardy hecklers by foregathering at Watertown, New York. Southern Pacific has shifted from the whistle-stop in Kentucky where it held annual meetings for so long, but only to settle in Wilmington, Delaware, a far cry from California, the center of its interests.

Since, at best, only a few stockholders can attend most annual meetings, however conveniently located, the Gilberts have long insisted that managements should send out full reports for the information of absentees. This proposal, reasonable as it appears, has been obstinately resisted by the directors of many corporations, but an increasing number are beginning to see the light. The Gilberts also note a fairly widespread improvement in the conduct of meetings. There are fewer chairmen than there used to be who openly resent questions and criticisms or try to bully those stockholders who show a disinclination to be yes men. Those who still do are very likely to find a Gilbert pointing out politely but very firmly that they are the paid servants of the stockholders, who have every right to ask questions about their property.

However, while the Gilberts deserve much credit for assisting stockholders to make their voices heard, it must be recognized that there are other reasons why management is showing an increasingly conciliatory attitude toward small investors. The fact is that men and women in the middle-income ranges who have a few thousands to invest are becoming an increasingly important source of equity capital. "The well-to-do investor," Edward C. Gray, executive vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange, told the National Association of Manufacturers on December 8, is "now too burdened with taxes to be interested in taking chances": he would rather buy a tax-free bond paying 2 per cent than a common stock paying 7 per cent. Consequently both corporations seeking capital and the Wall Street businesses which depend on an active stock market are beginning to cultivate the small investor. The New York Stock Exchange has been engaging in a publicity campaign for this purpose, and the advertising of the big commission houses is increasingly angled toward the customer of moderate means. Corporations, however, have to do their part, too, and that is why more of them are paying attention to "stockholder relations."

But good "stockholder relations" ought to mean something more than hearts, flowers, and prettily illustrated annual reports. If the interest of small investors is to be attracted, and held, corporate managers will have to mend their ways. They will, for instance, have to give up the habit of voting themselves excessive bonuses and pensions. This is one of the causes the Gilberts have made their own, but I should like to see them pay some attention to another method by which corporation directors and executives feather their own nests—the misuse of inside information. There are, of course, S. E. C. rules designed to prevent this, but I doubt that they have proved very effective. They may discourage insiders from speculating in their own names on the basis of unpublished information about corporate developments, but they can hardly stop the use of dummy accounts or the leakage of information to relatives and friends. Admittedly, the problem is a difficult one, and there is probably no perfect solution. Still, it should be possible for the S. E. C. and the Stock Exchanges to tighten rules designed to secure prompt publication of all information likely to affect stock prices. Until they do so, the small investor will rightly feel at a disadvantage in venturing his capital in corporate securities.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Essays and Asides

"WHITHER THE NOVEL?"

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

EVERY now and then I am invited to take part in some symposium on the future of literature, generally called something like "Whither the Novel?" or "After Tennessee Williams—What?" A good many people seem to enjoy discussing such questions; less understandably, a certain number seem to enjoy hearing them discussed. To me, however, they seem monumentally futile, and since I reached years of such discretion as is mine I have never contributed to any of them. When asked what the great novel of 1960 will be like I generally reply that it all depends on who happened to get born during the last two decades. And if that is a bit debonairly dogmatic, it at least serves usually to convince the symposium-maker that I am not his man.

I like to think that I know something of the past. I plead guilty to talking sometimes as though, looking at that past, I could see why certain things happened, why certain changes took place. Hindsight is easy; once the pattern has formed, it looks as if it had been inevitable. But I am well aware that I could not really have predicted what I now explain.

Take especially the case of the contemporary theater, concerning which I am most often invited to act omniscient. I can explain Mr. Saroyan—who came proclaiming that the trouble with American plays is that there is not enough play in them—as an "inevitable" reaction against the desperate sociological seriousness of the theatrical thirties. But if there had been an unbroken continuation of the seriousness, that would then have been "inevitable," too. Did anyone, in the days when Mr. Odets was the most striking phenomenon, actually predict that Mr. Saroyan would come next? Did anyone answer the question "After Saroyan—What?" by confidently acting John the Baptist for the still unknown Tennessee Williams?

All the confident assertions that works of art, like human personalities, are the "product" of discoverable "forces" are based upon the convincingness of ex post facto explanations, not upon any demonstrable success in prediction. Edgar Allan Poe, for example, was what he was because he had a mother complex and because his stepfather humiliated him. The gangster who was electrocuted yesterday became "anti-social" because of the environmental conditions of his childhood. But what psychologist will dare predict of a given child with a mother complex that he will become a famous writer? What sociologist will pick out a given child of the slums and say, "He will become a gangster"? If any psychologist did so, it would turn out with too embarrassing a frequency that the child with the mother complex merely lived an unhappily futile life and that the child of the slums became a social worker.

In the latter case it would all, I have no doubt, be explained as a "reaction." But what is the good of an explanation which does not enable us to predict whether there is going to be an action or, instead, a reaction in the opposite direction? Suppose Newton had discovered that apples fall—except that sometimes they go up.

Without even raising the question *why* neither persons nor works of art are the predictable "product of forces," without even asking whether that is because both are essentially indeterminate as well as unpredictable, or whether it is merely because there are undiscoverable "forces" in the germ plasm or somewhere else which play an important part, it is clear that the existence of factors either unknown or unknowable does make it impossible to say what a given child will grow up to be like or what the Great American Novel of 1960 will be. And if it is insisted that, statistically, most slum children are corrupted by their environment and that, statistically, most novels will obviously be part of some "movement," the reply is that no one except a publisher cares what *most* novels will be like. From every other point of view the question is rather: "What will the really good ones be like?" And to that the answer that will most probably be true is, "Surprising."

I am not, of course, denying the influence of their environment or "the spirit of the times"; specifically I am not denying that, let us say, Poe's mother complex had an influence upon the character of his literary work. I am merely protesting that it does not really explain him and, especially, that no one can predict who will be a Poe or what the literature of the next decade is bound to be. And I am adding that the tendency to believe that even art is the product of calculable forces is merely an example of the prejudice which most of my contemporaries have in favor of the assumption that everything, including human character and literary greatness, can be adequately studied by sociological and psychological methods. That conviction is not itself based—as respectable scientific theory always is—upon the successful prediction of future events. It is primarily a "will to believe."

Romantic ages love to contemplate the mysterious phenomenon called genius. Matter-of-fact ages like to believe that no such mysterious phenomenon as genius exists. The one talks nonsense about divine afflatus. The other talks nonsense about "forces." Neither knows what the next great artist will be like. Probably at this very moment he is in his perambulator planning to confound both those who are predicting what his character will be and those who think they know what kind of book he will write.

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Backwoods Genius

JONATHAN EDWARDS. By Perry Miller. William Sloane Associates. $3.50.

PERRY MILLER'S biography of Jonathan Edwards is one volume in the series of "American Men of Letters." Whether America's first and foremost theologian belongs in that category may be a matter of dispute. But undoubtedly it was very important for the understanding of our culture that someone should give a fuller appreciation of the significance of this backwoods genius than is found in previous biographies. For these, however excellent, have never reached an audience beyond a limited number of theological-minded readers. In the history of American culture Edwards is a nebulous figure condemned as a fire-and-brimstone revivalist who sought vainly to preserve pessimistic "Old World" religion in the roseate ethos of this new and "free" world or else praised as a profound philosophical mind, without elucidation about the significance of the fruits of his mind.

The task of interpretation was obviously reserved for Perry Miller—who has burrowed into the mind of our New England ancestors more successfully than any other American historian—partly because he brings to the task the gifts of an imaginative artist and partly because he approaches his subject with a sympathy which a twentieth-century mind cannot easily give to an eighteenth-century Calvinist but without which no subject of history can yield its secret to even the most diligent inquirer. The depth from which Miller restores Edwards is accurately described by him as follows:

> Artists who shared the historic Christian insight into what hitherto was called sin had a hard time in America. Hawthorne won an audience for his romances but none for his theology. Melville's cry that an inscrutable malice sinews the White Whale was not heeded. Mark Twain's recognitions were concealed by indirections. Edwards, it is true, had followers in the dynasty of New England theologians, but they petrified his theology, reduced his revivalism to a technique for mass manipulation, and then destroyed the architecture of his thought. . . . By this process Edwards was lost to the American tradition. . . . Even in the twentieth century, when the smiling aspects largely ceased to smile and Hawthorne, Melville, and Mark Twain were reevaluated, Edwards remained identified with what Dr. Holmes called "the nebulous realm of Asiatic legend."

Miller's restoration is a brilliant biographical study. It is not easy to say in a brief review why this study makes so profound an impression upon the reader. It is partly due to a very sophisticated analysis of Edwards's thought, in which the biographer reveals how the new wine of the thought of Locke and Newton in the old wineskin of New England Calvinism produced a quite remarkable system of thought. As the author traces the strands of eighteenth-century empiricism and rationalism in the thought of Edwards, one feels that one is reading a detective story. But the profound impression made by the book also derives from the artful way in which the exploration of a mind is related to the social history of New England and to the tragic drama of Edwards's personal life. One sees how, in a theological age, social forces are theologically expressed and why Edwards enraged the developing plutocracy of New England. They had managed to insinuate a growing Yankee complacency into their traditional faith, and Edwards challenged their self-deceptions. This also led to his personal undoing, for the parish of Northampton, which once prided itself upon being the center of the great awakening, tired of the rigor of his preachments and banished him. The tragedy was not "pure" because even Edwards's rejuvenated Calvinism was not free of the moral arrogance which corrupts all systems of religious legalism. Northampton banished Edwards as the Athenians banished Aristides the Just. A moral censor who is not conscious of sharing our frailties finally becomes intolerable.

It is foolish to challenge an author in such complete command of his material. But I must confess to a suspicion that Miller sometimes makes Edwards more modern or more relevant to modernity than he is. I am not sure that the only way to overcome "Arminian" moralism is to espouse as strict a determinism as that of Edwards. In a brilliant chapter on The Objective Good, Miller traces the relation of Edwards's thought to that of Newton's, showing that Newton was afraid to delve too deeply into the mystery of the coherence of the world, which had been atomized by his exploration of efficient cause. Edwards resorted to the Christian doctrine of creation and asserted that "it must needs be an infinite power which keeps the atoms together—which resists all finite power, how big soever, as we have proved these bodies to be." Miller thinks this does not mean, for Edwards, that "God acts *ab externo* to press the million pieces of stone into the form of a rock." Yet there must be something of the old Calvinist conception of "special providence" in the remark that "nothing but Deity, acting in that particular manner in those parts where he thinks fit," holds the world together. In so far as this conception is not strictly Calvinist, it must have borrowed something from the Neo-Platonic-Augustinian notion that divine power prevents being from degenerating into non-being. One might raise similar questions about Edwards's alleged "naturalism" when he is expounding a fairly traditional doctrine of the realm of "grace" above the level of the natural good. But why cavil? What is important is that reluctant twentieth-century readers should read a book to which they might not be naturally drawn. If they will not read it in order to explore Edwards's mind they might read it to explore Miller's. They would be greatly profited on that basis; and they would learn into the bargain something about a seminal period in our spiritual history.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

A Powerful Writer

AS A MAN GROWS OLDER. By Italo Svevo. New Directions. $3.

ETTORE SCHMITZ, a successful business man in the Trieste of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, wrote, under the pseudonym of Italo Svevo, novels which for three decades attracted no attention. He was "discovered" by James Joyce, who tutored him for a time in English. Since 1923, when his last novel, "The Confessions of Zeno," was published, his reputation has increased steadily. "As a Man Grows Older," which appeared unnoticed in 1898, was translated into English in 1932 and has now been reissued by New Directions.

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Svevo's range of sensibility is limited, but within it he is a powerful writer. This novel observes painfully—all observation with Svevo is painful, tortured by the decisions and revisions of the minute—the infatuation of Emilio Brentani, a middle-aged clerk and a minor novelist, for the worthless and fetching Angiolina. Like Proust's Odette and Albertine, she is chiefly the invention of her lover. She *is* a light woman. But to him she is, variously, a monster of lewdness and a noble creature. Brentani, while remaining always an individual, is also a type of genteel unsuccess—as a bourgeois, for he is poor; as a lover, for he enjoys Angiolina only briefly and after almost everyone else in Trieste has had her; and as an artist, for he can no longer write. He is a kind of lower-middle-class Hamlet, a man who thinks too much to no purpose, and, like the hero of "The Confessions of Zeno," a buffoon. His passion, the most serious episode in a dim life, is summed up perfectly by a sympathetic friend: " 'If it were not so painful for you, it would really be rather ridiculous.' "

Svevo is an anatomizer of emotions, his greatest power lying in the portrayal of totally self-absorbed individuals who are never boring because they remind us so much of ourselves. After expelling Angiolina from his life, Brentani feels as if some part of him had been amputated: "But the gap was finally filled. A love of quiet and serenity sprang up again in him, and the necessity of looking after himself robbed him of every other desire."

This is more than a record of misdirected passion. In its consciously flat and unpretentious fashion, with its slow and careful accumulation of detail—not of interiors and exteriors but of the movements of the heart—it is an impressive picture of self-deception, of torment self-imposed, of a sensitive and intelligent and foolish man, lured, briefly, out of a dull routine into folly, and creeping, gratefully, back into that routine.

ERNEST JONES

Next Week in *The Nation*
SRL: Unfair to Literature?
A Statement by the Editors of the
Saturday Review of Literature
With an Answer
by Margaret Marshall

Verse Chronicle

HERE, we thought," write Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, publishers of Lloyd Frankenberg's "Pleasure Dome" ($3.50), "is a poet who talks clearly about poetry for those of us who are non-poets." Poets, too, in my opinion, will derive both enjoyment and profit from Mr. Frankenberg's study. He discusses in detail five poets—namely, James Stephens, T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, E. E. Cummings, and Wallace Stevens; and treats, more briefly, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, W. H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, Robert Lowell, and Elizabeth Bishop.

Mr. Frankenberg pays his non-poetic reader the compliment of talking to him simply, yet without talking down, and to the subjects of his essays he is equally courteous. He respects them, admires and enjoys them, and interprets them; he does not exploit them by directing the reader's attention to himself, as sometimes happens when poets criticize poetry. Some of the essays seem to me—what profound observation!—better than others; that on Wallace Stevens, in particular, relies a little excessively on the method of direct quotation. Mr. Frankenberg faces the much-vexed question of obscurity, real and/or alleged, in modern verse; whether he brings complete clarification to one reading "The Waste Land" for the first time it is impossible for me to judge, but he certainly adds something to the information of the one who has read it a good many times. Mr. Frankenberg neither scolds nor wheedles; it is hard to see how the new, and non-poetic, reader could fail to be persuaded, by his very pleasant manner, into giving him at least a reasonable amount of attention.

It is a debatable question whether Mr. Frankenberg has done a foolish or farsighted thing, in the interests of his book, in releasing at the same time an album of records prepared under his editorial supervision. This album, entitled Pleasure Dome Album (Columbia: eight twelve-inch sides, price $6, also available, I believe, in LP disks), contains readings from their own works by eight of the twelve poets Mr. Frankenberg discusses in his book. If you buy the book, will you want the records; and vice versa? For ten dollars, more or less, tax included, you can have both, and you might as well; you might better. At this point, knowing nothing whatever about surface noises, wavering pitches, crystal super-heterodyne amplifying pick-ups I trespass on the outskirts of Mr. Haggin's preserves.

Mr. Eliot, in this album, records The Game of Chess, from "The Waste Land," Part II. Mr. Eliot is an expert, reading superbly: the different voices sound like different voices, integrated through his own; the cadences, modulations, subtle breaks in the rhythm, as well as the obvious dramatic effects of shift in tone, are beautifully managed, and there is just enough uneasiness in Mr. Eliot's treatment of the coarser passages to convince you that you are not hearing a professional music-hall slicker kicking the vernacular around. For this item alone the album is a good buy; it might be added that its inclusion was made possible through the generosity of the Librarian of Congress, Luther Evans, who granted permission for its transcription from the library's complete recording of "The Waste Land."

Miss Marianne Moore reads her fine and beautiful poem, In Distrust of Merits, which is a good deal more than the best war poem of World War II. Miss Moore reads *pianissimo*, not nearly as expertly as Mr. Eliot, with some swallowing of words, some dropping of the voice, some unexpected raising of it, and some emotional difficulty because she is so sincerely concerned with what she has to say. The total impact is very moving indeed, an impressive experience. Like the Eliot recording, this one by itself seems to me worth the price of the album; with both you already have a bargain.

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Mr. Cummings is represented by four poems. His reading is a bit disappointing, partly, perhaps, because one's expectation is so high, and partly, it may be, because the selection is not so close to the heights of his own work. The trouble in listening to him seems to be that he is taking it too slowly and carefully, minding his diction; what the hearer misses is a sense of the old Cummings bounce; the tempo does not check with what one has, or thinks he has, found in the printed page; it needs a little more brio, scherzo, something like that.

From his Selected Poems, Dr. William Carlos Williams has selected half a dozen. The voice has a provincial twang, quite a difference from the preceding voices. His method of reading is to understate his case; he is declarative rather than incantatory, didactic rather than sensuous. Mr. Frankenberg's non-poet, coming into the room cold, without being told what was going on, might be forgiven for thinking, "But this is prose." The liveliest and most interesting number is The Dance, where Dr. Williams really lets himself go, and there is not even a hint of the consulting-room manner. If poets were more experienced readers, they would probably be less interesting; in the process of recording, it seems, it takes them some time to warm up, find themselves, really get in there.

After Dr. Williams we have Ogden Nash, also with half a dozen items, some very short indeed, couplets or thereabouts. (None of the titles are read before the poems are spoken, and this can be a little confusing.) In Mr. Nash's voice also there is a smitch of a twang, also an easygoing opulence, a sense of comfortable *chic*. Some of the items of Mr. Nash's choice here seem to me a bit too trivial; I, for one, would prefer The Anatomy of Happiness or Portrait of the Artist as a Prematurely Old Man to some of these quickies or clerihews. The high spot of the Nash reading for me is to be found when he declaims, "This is the morbid moment, this is the ebony hour," and you wonder, for the ghost of a second, whether the machine hasn't jumped back unaccountably to Mr. Eliot. No malice in it, no lack of respect, but the compliment of a neatly executed take-off.

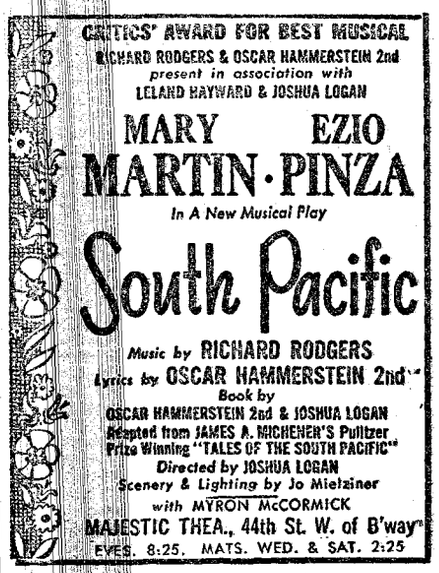
W. H. Auden reads Prime, and the ballad which begins "O what is that sound which so thrills the ear?" Going by the reading, Prime, which I do not remember from the books, strikes me as a very dull poem, and the ballad, which I remember very well, as a most exciting one. In both poems the reading adds to one's comprehension of the technical effects, particularly so in the ballad, with the effect of the double rhyme, *drumming, drumming,* played off against the single one, *coming*. Mr. Auden is a good deal of an old British word-swallower, and Prime, a solemn poem, is solemnly read; in the ballad, again after he gets warmed up, he contrives a good deal of dramatic variety, and changes the tone, if not the volume, of his voice to excellent effect.

Dylan Thomas gives us Poem in October, and In My Craft or Sullen Art. The first is a beautiful poem, sustained, rich in images, moving, in more than one sense, a lilt and a lift in the run of its rhythms. Mr. Thomas reads it beautifully, too, save for a little trouble when he once or twice almost runs out of breath. In My Craft, reminiscent, a little, of Yeats's Fisherman, has a shorter line, closer effects; toward the end Mr. Thomas drops his voice almost below audibility: I am still not sure, after several playings, of the last two or three syllables. This side, though, I'd put right up there with the Moore and Eliot.

Elizabeth Bishop, in a common, or garden, variety of American voice, reads three poems—Anaphora, Late Air, and The Fish. The first two seem to me dull, the latter curiously interesting in that all its effects are addressed to the eye, a wonderful succession of images, up till nearly the very end when you begin to find yourself admiring Miss Bishop's observation and turn away from the things observed, and you suspect that maybe Miss Bishop, too, just a little bit, is partaking your attitude. But she snaps out of it, and redeems the poem, if it has almost got away, by the end.

What has been said here about the items is inadequate to sum up the merit of the collection: the variety in the voices, the interesting way in which they complement each other, the differences of attitude and technique, something for various kinds of taste, mighty little that does not deserve serious attention. It is to be hoped that Mr. Frankenberg will have sufficient encouragement to prepare Pleasure Dome Album II. To go back to his book for a moment, he lists, for those who are interested in receiving poetry by ear, a bibliography of recordings, commercially produced or purchasable, made by the poets mentioned in his volume.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES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Drama

MARGARET MARSHALL

IF YOU want to know what theaters are for, go to see the revival of Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" (National Theater), which opened just before Christmas at a moment when I had decided that on Broadway at least there wasn't any Santa Claus.

The comedy itself—well, the comedy itself might be compared to a fountain of charming design fed by a mountain stream; for it is a construction pleasing in itself which gives both freedom and form to elements as live and fresh as running water—to the wisdom and wit, the thought and feeling, the gusto and true gaiety of Bernard Shaw at the top of his bent. And the production, praise be, is worthy of the play.

Shaw's exuberant account of Caesar's sojourn in Egypt—when Cleopatra was still more child than woman and had so far only caught a glimpse, a fateful glimpse, of Marc Antony as he had passed through—is so packed with

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pleasures for the mind, the senses, and the heart that merely to note them all would take more space than I have at my disposal. (Not the least of them derives from the consummate taste and tact with which Shaw brings off the precarious business of fooling with history.)

The characterization of Caesar is, of course, the finest thing in the piece, and it is Shaw's subtle, profound, and moving delineation of a man replete with years and victories—and of his attempts to communicate his wisdom to a young and lovely girl—that gives the depth of true comedy to what might otherwise have been no more, though assuredly no less, than a delightful farce. Serving the same end, in a minor way, is the characterization of Apollodorus—a portrait of the artist in which the sly-boots Shaw first humors the philistines by making fun of the beauty-lover's foppery and foibles and then, turning, demonstrates that Apollodorus is neither a coward nor a fool but a man of parts, and very good company besides. Shaw's Cleopatra is sheer, sophisticated fun; in the character of Britannus he pays his usual affectionate disrespects to the British. And so on.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke (Caesar) had still not recovered from an attack of laryngitis when I saw the production on the second night—some of his lines were clogged, and his movements through the Shavian dance were not quite effortless. There are two or three small stretches in the play itself that are a bit slow. Bertha Belmore's Ftatateeta—the mistress of the queen's household, whose name Caesar never gets right—is not the old devil she should be to keep you from feeling sorry when she is dispatched. But these are minor matters. Lilli Palmer as Cleopatra is adorable but not cloying. John Buckmaster plays the handsome Apollodorus with poise and skill. The cast as a whole is excellent, the direction is knowing and sure, the settings simple but elegant.

To descend to the ridiculous—"The Rat Race" (Barrymore Theater) is a horrible amalgam of the worst aspects of the plays and stories about "little people" and "our town" that have plagued us now these many years. It has *two* commentators, one, male, spouting well-worn sentimentalities, the other, female, giving voice to ponderous vulgarities about sex.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

AS ONE of the musicians in the N. B. C. Symphony exclaimed, nobody but Toscanini could conduct the Prelude to "Parsifal" beating not the usual eight to the measure but a slow four—a subtly inflected four which was hair-raising in the sustained power with which it filled out the intervals of time with life and continuity in the flow of sound. I was the more disposed to appreciate the process for having had another impressive demonstration of its results the night before, when I had heard the continuous life in the texture of the slow opening of Schumann's "Manfred" Overture in Toscanini's recorded performance, after not hearing it in the performance by Schuricht and the London Philharmonic just issued on London records (LA-115, 2 12″). And the similar continuity that Toscanini creates in the opening of Beethoven's "Leonore" No. 1 Overture, in one of his greatest performances on records—which Van Beinum does not create in the performance with the London Philharmonic on a London single record (T-5162). Van Beinum's performance of the lovely Haydn-Brahms Variations with the same orchestra (LA-116, 2 12″) is good; but here Toscanini's has added grace, sharpness of contour, and force, and is done with a finer orchestra. The recorded sound of the London performances on 78 r.p.m. has the characteristic English Decca depth and spaciousness, and the Haydn-Brahms is in other ways excellent; but the "Manfred" lacks brightness and the "Leonore" No. 1 requires cutting down of treble.

London also has issued Chabrier's Suite Pastorale, his orchestrations of four of his fascinatingly original "Dix Pièces pittoresques" for piano, including three of the best—"Idylle," Scherzo-Valse, and "Danse Villageoise," which Balanchine used in "Cotillon." The performances by Jean Martinon and the London Philharmonic seem to me heavy-handed, and are reproduced by the 78 r.p.m. records with sharpness that requires cutting down of treble (LA-90, 2 12″).

Britten's Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge, a work that is full of Britten's clever resourcefulness but doesn't interest me, is well performed by the Boyd Neel Orchestra (LA-100, 3 12″).

On LP London has issued an excellent performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 101 ("Clock") recorded by Ansermet and the Orchestre de la Suisse romande (LPS-54). From the awkward break in the first movement, the one D-major chord too many at the beginning of the trio of the third movement, the varying sound—now sharp, now veiled, now coarse—I gather that this is a dubbing from a 78 r.p.m. recording.

Also a performance of Mozart's G minor by Kleiber and the London Philharmonic (LPS-89) which is well-paced but in other respects—phrase-contour, orchestral sonority and execution—undistinguished. The over-all recorded sound is good, but texture is sometimes blurred by reverberation.

Capitol offers an LP version of a Telefunken recording of Stravinsky's "Jeu de cartes" made by Stravinsky and the Berlin Philharmonic (L-8026). The piece is one of those I have come to enjoy; the performance is excellent and well reproduced except for very heavy bass and for noisy scrapes at the beginning of side 2. But how—it occurs to me to wonder—did it happen that Stravinsky conducted in Germany sometime between 1937 and 1939?

Also LP versions of Telefunken recordings of Vivaldi's Concerto Grosso Opus 3 No. 2, played by Antonio Guarnieri and the Orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, and a Concerto Grosso in F minor of Alessandro Scarlatti, played by Edmund Weyns and the Wiesbaden Collegium Musicum (L-8035). Both pieces are lovely, well performed, and well reproduced.

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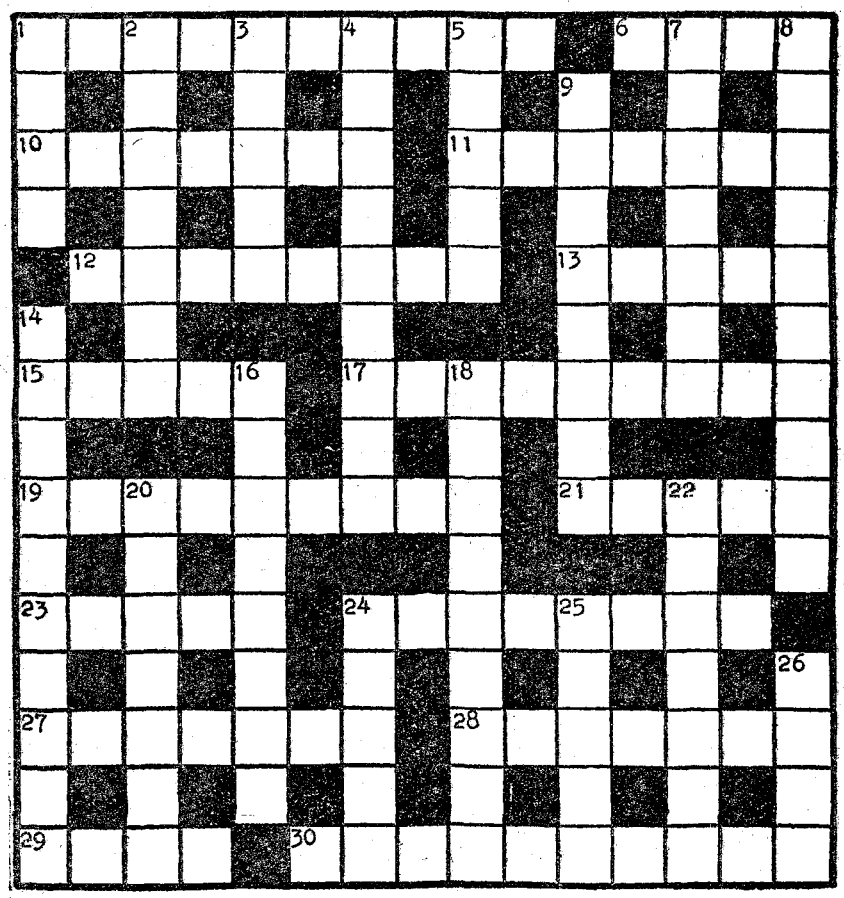
Crossword Puzzle No. 343

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Looks like the sick man swallowed something to take away the effect. (10)
6 See 4.
10 Cereal grass, sometimes 8. (A rough combination, in extreme degree!) (7)
11 The chief car on the market. (7)
12 Retires (at sunset, usually). (8)
13 Milk—for the baby——. (5)
15 Coat for a hen. (5)
17 It clicks with those who say "once around the park" for the extra time. (9)
19 This is a riot, in both *Tannhäuser* and *Samson et Delila*. (9)
21 The top on a bird, not a 15. (5)
23 Want to try 24 for a change? Give it a whirl. (5)
24 Symbolizes. (8)
27 Suit, in a countrified order. (7)
28 Fruit trees or vegetable. (7)
29 Deposited on the bottom of the list. (4)
30 It's bad when one's love returns wrapped in a strange mantle. (??)

DOWN

1 and 25. Change of topic, as the facts show. (4, 5)
2 One might find it a very good show. (Some have called it spicy.) (7)
3 Composer of Yale, Harvard, and Austria-Hungary. (5)
4 and 6. Stupid pictures on trees, leading to organization. (9, 4)
5 24 except if I make unique characters. (5)
7 Support in metal. (7)
8 Like sugar cane chairs. (10)
9 Not dealing with the bomb? (8)
14 Enlarges. (10)
16 Concerning the vehicle one finally rides for practice. (8)
18 Saint-Saëns used it to portray certain fossils. (9)
20 The French term the English a sleeve. (7)
22 Sometimes found on the opposite side of the appendix. (7)
24 One form of 23 might go to one's head. (5)
25 See 1 down.
26 It comes back like one of two non-cooperative waiters. (4)

* * *

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 342

ACROSS:—1 CONDESCENDING; 10 TOADS; 11 IRRITABLE; 12 NEUROLOGY; 13 HILLS; 14 GET THE BEST OF; 19 and 8 CAST THE FIRST STONE; 22 RUINS; 24 ARROWROOT; 25 EMANATION; 26 INGOT; 27 REUPHOLSTERED.

DOWN:—2 OPAQUE; 3 DISHONEST; 4 and 20 SLIP OF THE TONGUE; 5 EARLY; 6 DITCH; 7 NOBILITY; 9 VERSIFY; 15 EMIGRANTS; 16 ERSTWHILE; 17 SCORNED; 18 ASPIRATE; 21 STATE; 23 STAMP; 24 AMIGO.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

Letters to the Editors

Three Days in Spain

[*The following letter is from an American high-school student. It would appear that he learned more about Spain in three days by keeping his eyes and ears open than the more sophisticated Messrs. McCarran, Farley, Brewster, et al. have learned in repeated guided tours through Generalissimo Franco's domain.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Dear Sirs: This past summer I had the good fortune to travel and work in France with other American students. After I had completed my work in a children's camp, I accompanied the rest of our group on a bicycle trip. This trip eventually took us to Hendaye in the Pyrenees, close to the Spanish border. A friend and I decided to leave the group and enter Spain for several days; so we secured the necessary visas and crossed the border.

I noticed at once an extraordinary prevalence of military men, wearing smart uniforms and heavily armed. All the rifles had fixed bayonets, and many soldiers carried submachine-guns in addition to their rifles.

The evening of the first day found us in Fuenterrabia; the next morning we headed toward San Sebastian. A curious incident occurred on the way. We were passing through a town square and there was a large band playing martial music. I was somewhat amused to notice that all the members of the band were in military uniform. Also the pieces they played were exactly what I understand Hitler loved to hear. For some reason my friend and I seemed to be the center of much attraction. Apparently no one was sure of our nationality. An officer who appeared to be of fairly high rank approached and questioned me in French. He asked if I was a German and smiled very pleasantly. I answered that I was an American, and the smile vanished. He asked me what I thought of Spain. I replied, with careful emphasis, that the scenery was very beautiful.

Before we entered San Sebastian, we were stopped by guards and told to put our coats on. In the town I spent several hours talking to anyone I could find who was able to speak a little English or French. All that I had heard about the fascist regime was completely substantiated in these conversations.

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Everywhere I heard and saw the same thing: Spain is a country of fear and coercion; there is no middle-class—only the very rich and the very poor; to disagree with the government is a crime. I was interested to notice that there were many expensive cars and that most of them were occupied by men in uniform.

In a cafe during dinner I struck up a conversation with a young Spaniard in civilian clothes. We were all going that afternoon to a bull fight, and we spent some time drinking wine and chatting about unimportant things. When I felt I had his confidence, I carefully broached the subject of Franco. He looked around the room, and then talked quietly to me for about half an hour. He said that the resistance was still alive and that he was a member of it. He told me that the Spanish worker could barely afford food for his family. Above all, one had to be very careful, because a political crime could draw a long prison term or death. He explained that there was a secret police, much like the Gestapo, which had spies all over Spain. I shuddered when he told me of the tortures his comrades had undergone.

Three days were enough to observe the most important facts. I know that the Spanish people have not surrendered. The fight has gone underground for a while, but soon the chance will come to throw off the yoke. Tyranny in Spain cannot last.

During the civil war in Spain, I was told, a Republican force was cut off from food in a certain area. The fascists dropped bread by plane, with messages saying that all would be fed who surrendered. The starving children of the district walked for miles, gathering the bread to bring it to the Republican soldiers. Where there is this spirit, there is never defeat.

On my way out of Spain a soldier stopped me for a look at my papers. I immediately saw that he was the man I had had dinner with at the cafe. Now I knew what he meant when he said that the fight went on all over Spain and in every aspect of life. He wished me good luck and goodby, and I said I would return.

WILLIAM M. V. HOFFMAN

Putney, Vt., December 1

Correction

IN *THE NATION* of November 26 there appeared a letter by J. Reyes Martin, a reader from Brooklyn who has recently been picketing Macy's, New York, for withdrawing from regular stock Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power." The printed version of this letter was condensed from several longer communications. In its printed form it contained the statement that Mr. Martin had been assaulted by hoodlums, had appealed to the American Civil Liberties Union for protection, and had been told "they couldn't do anything about it." Herbert M. Levy, staff counsel of the A. C. L. U., replied in these columns on December 17 that when Mr. Martin came to his office "he did not tell us he had been assaulted and indeed showed no evidence of an assault." It is only fair to both Mr. Martin and Mr. Levy to explain that in condensing Mr. Martin's communications the order of events was inadvertently transposed: he actually visited the A. C. L. U. office before rather than after he was assaulted. We apologize to all concerned for any embarrassment caused by this error.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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